

I looked around the reception foyer of the 20-year old retirement complex that I was visiting for the first time and my skin prickled.

This was my first visit, yet I had been there before. The facility had been built on the site of a long-gone school where I had worked for many years. The foyer, I realised, was in exactly the same space where my office had once stood all those years before. Somehow the very air spoke to me of it.

Like ghosts, memories of the past swirled around me regardless of their new surrounds. Nothing was familiar, yet I knew I had somehow returned. Was this just fanciful? Perhaps this was a tantalising glimpse of what it is like when our indigenous folk feel their connection to country?

Just what is it about certain places and spaces that evoke such powerful feelings? Cathedrals, towering forests, glorious vistas, song lines, thin places. On finding them, on suddenly sensing them, we are at peace; reminded to relax, to 'be', to bathe in the joy of life itself.

Remembering wherever and whenever the sacred has kissed our consciousness, reawakening a deep awareness of divine love, is something to be treasured indeed.

Some spaces are indeed sacred.

Reflection:

God said, "Do not come near here; remove your sandals from your feet, for the place on which you are standing is holy ground."

(Exodus 3:5)

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